

Normal News



VOL. I

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NO. 3

A Tribute

Charles Sumner Alexander will always live in the memory of those who worked with him as a man who manifested to an unusual degree certain qualities that every teacher should possess.

Cheerfulness—A sunny smile, a cheery greeting, a warm handclasp for all he met.

Tact He knew human nature almost instinctively, he respected the personality of others, and was therefore, without conscious planning or effort, always tactful.

Sincerity—Frank and open, he never pretended or deceived to accomplish his purposes. He never desired to injure another. His aims were always high and worthy. Therefore he rang true, he was sincere.

Initiative Well able to do many things, he liked nothing better than to take the responsibility for their accomplishment. He was not a copyist, an imitator, or a theorizer, but an originator and a doer.

Judgment Above all, he was a man of good judgment, keen to see through sham and pretence, disloyalty and selfishness, impatient with all the trivial, unnecessary hindrances set in the way of the doer today by those agencies of society which level down as well as level up. His judgment in matters of educational practice was quick and accurate.

Cheerfulness, tact, sincerity, initiative, and judgment were his, not only in his living but in his teaching, because he had seen the vision that life and education are and must always be one and the same. There is no educational philosophy, no matter how far it



CHARLES S. ALEXANDER

may be amplified and detailed, any broader, saner, or sounder than his "Credo" written a few weeks before his death.

Live and let live is the text of my educational creed

Nothing should be put into a course of study which does not fit into the life of the individual.

Nothing is more senseless than to teach boys and girls something in school knowing that it can never be used in after life.

I believe in an education that trains the hand, the head, and the heart, and thus produces a man, rather than a part of a man.

All education should be real interesting, and practical.

Every teacher should strive to live in the fullest sense of the word, and he should let his pupils live in school as well as out of school.

I cannot better close this brief and simple tribute to one I loved and with whom for twenty years I worked in perfect harmony, and with always in-

creasing respect and appreciation, than by quoting a great poet's tribute to his friend, a great teacher—lines that might well have been written of another teacher, the friend that I have lost.

"He was so human: whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume: for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend."

JOHN G. THOMPSON.

Excellent

The senior class has initiated a new idea which promises to make even more beautiful our campus, already one of the most beautiful spots in this part of the country. This class is to establish a precedent by planting a hedge of California privet on Pearl street from the walks on the Palmer hall side to the walk on the Miller hall side. What a splendid plan for improving the grounds!

NORMAL NEWS

Robert E. Sullivan
 A. Kenneth Thompson } Business Managers
 Walter F. McAndrews

Application pending for entrance as second class matter at the postoffice at Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

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Jolly, blustering, old King Winter, with his train of attendants, the howling winds and the scurrying, blinding snow-squalls, is once more in our midst. Already he has given us a good idea of what a real New England winter is like, and many a morning he has sent the quick-silver in the thermometer down out of our sight. Our tingling finger-tips and toes have sometimes made us realize a little too keenly the discomforts of Winter but his numberless pleasures more than make up for any such trifles. Who can remain out of humor with the weather long, when gliding gracefully (in our own opinion) over the mirror-like surface of a frozen pond, or, on a trustworthy "double-ripper," sliding down a good steep hill in the frosty starlight? And it would certainly take a "perpetual grouch" to nurse a "grouch" long at one of our basketball games. The best prescription a doctor can give a person out of sorts nowadays is "one fast, clean basketball game to be taken weekly." Try it and see, you few who have not seen our boys play, and let off your crankiness or melancholy in a record-breaking yell for F.N.S.

Let us open the door of the new year daringly and expectantly, for the world is yet young and the God of good will has only begun to make known to us his treasures.

L. Mason Clarke.

The Man Who Wins

The man who wins is an average man:
 Not built on any peculiar plan,
 Not blest with any peculiar luck;
 Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess"—
 He knows, and answers "no" or "yes";
 When set a task that the rest can't do,
 He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three things he's learned: that the man who tries
 Finds favor in his employer's eyes;
 That it pays to know more than one thing well;
 That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits; till one fine day
 There's a better job with bigger pay,
 And the men who shirked whenever they could
 Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
 Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
 Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes:
 The man who wins is the man who tries.

—Charles R. Barrett.

A Musical Treat

Through the effort of Miss Nellie B. Allen a rare opportunity was given the school in a lecture on negro music by Annie Beecher Schoville, granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher. The talk was illustrated by selections rendered by a quartette from the Hampton Institute in Virginia. Both Miss Nellie Allen and Miss Mercie Allen taught at this school, the former having spent the first five years of her work there, after graduating from Salem normal. The lecture was given on January 17, Monday, at noon.

At The Book Counter

At the book counter there are a number of exceptional bargains in school text books. The books include a wide range of subjects and some of those from the pens of normal teachers are: "Birds In Literature," by Abby Churchill; "Europe," a geographical reader, by Nellie B. Allen; "Fundamentals of Child Study," by E. A. Kirkpatrick; "Word from Word Reader" Book One, by Principal John G. Thompson.

Basketball In Ashburnham

Saturday afternoon, January 8, both girls' and boys' basketball teams enjoyed a sleighride to Ashburnham where the girls played the Methodist A. A., and the boys the fast Cushing Academy first team. It was the girls' first game of the season and they surely began right by defeating the Methodist A. A. The game was very close throughout. Through the excellent playing of the captain, Miss Gilhooley, and Miss Love, the team nosed out two points ahead of their opponents. The team showed that with a little more practice it will be a hard team to defeat. We hope everyone will turn out for the games, thereby making the team successful financially.

The score:

Normal—18	16—Methodist A. A.
Miss Cummings, l.f.	r.g. Miss Davis
Miss Mohan, r.f.	l.g. Misses H. Lashua, Wilson
Miss Damon, c.	c. Miss H. Marble
Miss Gilhooley, l.g.	r.f. Miss E. Lashua
Misses Love, Williams, r.g.	r.g. Miss Albridge

Goals from floor: Miss Cummings 2, Miss Mohan, Damon, Gilhooley 3, Miss E. Lashua 4, Miss H. Marble 2. Goals from fouls: Miss Gilhooley 4, E. Lashua 4.

The boys did not succeed in securing a victory, but nevertheless they made an excellent showing against the fast Cushing Academy five. In both halves the normal team forced the playing but their opponents were heavier and more experienced. Ellis made his initial appearance as a first string man. With a little more practice he will probably be considered a regular. Mr. Baumgartner, our football coach of the past season, excelled for Cushing Academy. With the assistance of Vanderlick, he scored sufficient points to defeat the normal school. Capt. Eddy and Bresett starred for the normal team.

The score:

Cushing—32	18—Normal
McDermott, r.f.	l.g. Whalen
Baumgartner, l.f.	r.g. McCaffrey
Vanderlick, c.	c. Ellis, Whittaker
Turnbull, l.g.	r.f. Eddy
Walker, Colby, r.g.	l.f. Bresett

Goals from floor: Baumgartner 5, Vanderlick 6, Turnbull 3, McDermott, Bresett 4, Whalen, Eddy. Goals from fouls: Baumgartner 2, Bresett 6.

Hurrah!

Victory beamed on the horizon, when on Saturday, December 18, our men's basketball quintet completely overwhelmed the team representing Lawrence Academy. It was the first game of the season, and our team showed that with a little more practice it will be a hard proposition for any team to lower our colors. Already many season tickets have been disposed of but the early and unexpected closing of school caused a small number of rooters. We have every reason to believe that our cheering squad will prove a worthy accompaniment to the games.

The second team played the preliminary game against a picked team made up of alumii who were spending the holidays here.

The lineup:

Normal—34	15—Lawrence
Clancy, McCaffrey r.g.	l.f. Wolf
Whalen l.g.	r.f. Dalrymple
Whittaker c.	c. Crosby
Bresett l.f.	l.g. Gould
Eddy, r.f.	a.g. Cruthers

Goals from floor: Bresett 8, Whalen 4, Eddy, Wolf, Dalrymple 4, Crosby. Goals from fouls: Bresett 7, Eddy 1, Crosby 3.

Fitchburg Normal Victorious

On Wednesday, January 5, the men's basketball team defeated the Worcester trade school team on the home court of the latter. The game was closely contested, the Worcester team holding our men down to a close score. The two teams ran neck and neck with the score for the first period 16-15, in favor of the trade school boys. Bresett starred for F. N. S. although the game was characterized by some very good team work on the part of our men.

The lineup:

Worcester—29	33—Fitchburg
Donnelly, Mannix, Henshall, r.b.	
Kaiser, Adams, l.b.	l.f. Bresett
Langdon, c.	r.f. Eddy
Deery, r.f.	c. Whittaker, Whalen
O'Neil, Donnelly, l.f.	l.b. Whalen, Rossier
	r.b. Clancy, McCaffrey

Goals from floor: Deery 6, Bresett 8, Donnelly 2, Eddy 5, Whalen 2, Langdon, O'Neil. Goals from fouls: Deery 2, Donnelly 7, Bresett 3.

A Troutng Trip

"Express to Bangor," shouted the train official. Then all of Boston seen from the car window seemed to gradually slip from beneath us and move towards Beacon Hill. Starting time had come for the first vacation I had ever taken from my own pay envelope. I was to spend a month among the big trout waters of Maine. "Dill" was my traveling and camping mate.

As a matter of fact (an indispensable phrase used in fish stories) the trip really started years before, when by standing on a chair I had made myself just tall enough to dangle a bent and baited pin in a large glass jar. I had easily deceived sister's pet fish into believing that the fish course of its midday meal was being served. The stupid thing had swallowed the bait, pin and all. Less than an hour later my first fish story fell flat on mother's doubtful ears. It was my fisherman's luck to be punished. The treatment was, however, not severe enough to check my desire to catch fish, and to report my experiences.

We rode by rail as far as the railroad went. Forty miles from the northern extremity of Maine we two houses with a street between. This place, called Ashland, also boasted of a hotel. It accommodated mosquitoes mostly. They met all new comers with a ravenous rush. They made their attack without rattling a warning, without growling, or showing their teeth. In fact their bite was such that you quite forgot whether or not their offensive had any preliminary parts.

After the hotel supper a contractor came into the dining room and introduced us to his Italian name. He had seen on the register that one of us was from Adams. He had put through a big piece of construction in that town, and had many friends in common with me. He was extending the railroad through a place, half as large as Ashland, called Portage, and then to Fort Kent on the boundary line. He cordially invited us to come out to see the work next day and visit his camps. We gratefully declined. We had just eaten the largest brook trout we had ever seen. We were anxious to be among its kind that we might dis-

play in front of them our new and complete line of tackle and feather-duster hooks.

Next morning we started to get acquainted with our guides as they steered our canoes farther north. For two days we paddled. I shall never forget the third day. It was a hot day. Worse than the heat was the crawling, stumbling, and falling over a mountain. We went under fallen trees, through swamps, and ovens of unprotected spots. We struggled with hand cuffs and timelocks made of underbrush.

I called my guide, "Mike," the short of microscopic. He was about the size of a minute. I almost lost sight of him when he first crawled under my pile of baggage. Sooner than I could get to the pack to cut the ropes and pull it apart, that he might not perish under its crushing weight, it rose, balanced on his shoulders and back. He stood before me and smiled. It was the first time I learned to appreciate my minute man, "Mike."

Two canoes were hidden beside the river for us at the end of the blazed trail. Dill and I had carefully studied during the last mile of our torture how to save enough strength to get into them. We saved just enough. There was no margin.

I have an idea we shall never forget reaching Big Machias lake. Its flash of jewels set in blazing metals was on the surface. Tier upon tier of cedars surrounded it. Water pressure had worn away the foundation of those on the shore. Their giant lengths leaned far out from land. Gray hangings of caribou moss were draped from their long arms. Through this mesh of lace and burnished needles darted the light of the setting sun.

Our studio trained eyes were wide awake and eager to grasp the value of the scene, when from an unknown source came sounds of music that were harder to comprehend. We recognized the music. It was the "Evening Star" from Tamhauser. How came the master hand, that played it, into this wilderness? Later, our guides confessed they had watched our failing strength that day with concern, fearing they could not save us for this crown-

A Troutng Trip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

ing surprise of the trip. On the left shore was the camp. In front of it was seated one of the finest celloists who ever visited or toured this country. He was an Austrian. As his fingers and bow caressed the last quivering note of the song, our canoes grated harshly on the shore, rudely breaking the spell of the unexpected experience. We jumped ashore lightly. We had experienced the greatest fatigue and the quickest recovery of the trip.

Dill was an artist on the flute, and brought it with him. After our evening meal and after a day full of new excitements, he and the Austrian would sit close to the camp fire while the guides and I drifted through the moonlight off shore. The impressivness of those distinguished duets hushed all of our words to whispers. The occasional cry of a panther or lynx came from the black beyond us. These and the other sounds of the wilderness emphasized the span between the refinement of the music, and the crude nature that long before had inspired it.

No two days were alike in thrills, satisfactions, and mishaps. At the end of my month I had the record fish story. Dill stayed two weeks more until he caught a brook trout that weighed four and three quarters pounds, a whole pound heavier than the fish that I landed after a half hour's work.

I canoed out with another camper and his guide. They left me at Portage where I had expected to hire a buckboard, and be driven the remaining eight miles to Ashland. The cash price charged for hiring the only team to be had was only a little less than its selling price. Due to my mere remnant of funds, it was prohibitive. News had come to the camp that the new railroad had been opened as far as Portage. At a tar-papered shack that looked as if it might grow to the distinction of becoming a railroad station, I learned that only freights had been over the road, and the last one for a week had left that morning. Counting the railroad ties, step by step,

even through the dangers of a Maine woods, seemed preferable to sitting for the rest of my allotted years on the baggage, which I dropped beside the track. One thing of all others seemed impossible in my predicament. For one bad half hour I knew better than to whistle or sing the first line of "Home Sweet Home."

I sat looking down the track toward home when a voice behind me brought me to my feet. I knew whom it belonged to, before I turned to greet the man. He was my Italian acquaintance of that first night in Ashland. He recognized me, remembered my name, and heard my story. Then he told me of a work train, that he expected along any minute. It was to take him and the workmen to their camps. After supper he was going on to Ashland. Furthermore, would I do him the favor of being his guest all the way? By way of answer I nearly jumped over the first flat car in my hurry to get aboard the train. The ride was about as smooth as the jolts of a roller coaster trip. The men were a rough lot, but I liked them. I ate with them. We had a plate apiece. A square of hard-tack made a good second plate. I then ate this makeshift plate for dessert.

My escape from a life long stay in Portage and my arrival that night in Ashland is still believed to be the best stroke of fisherman's luck of my entire trip.

WILLIS B. ANTHONY.

An Unexpected Vacation

On Thursday afternoon, December 16, the students were suddenly called to the assembly hall, where they were informed by Mr. Thompson that Loraine Bell, of Miller hall, had returned to her home with an attack of diphtheria. He warned the students not to worry too much over the case as there was little danger of its spreading, but to be careful and go directly to a doctor if any of the symptoms showed themselves. Mr. Thompson then caused a great commotion, especially among the girls, by announcing that school would close a week earlier than planned, thus giving the students two weeks instead of one for the Christmas vacation.

Palmer Hall Recital

Dec. 8, 1915.

Marion M. Kirkpatrick, Soprano

Velma Spencer, Pianist

Victrola, Adeste Fideles

John McCormick

Morning,

A Little Way to Walk,

The Heart O'Ye,

Come Back to Erin,

Victrola, Angel's Serenade

John McCormick

O That We Two Were Maying,

Grass and Roses,

Autumn,

Winter,

Victrola, Christmas Songs

Victor chorus

Because I Love You,

Speaks

Speaks

Dichmont

Claribel

Braga

Nevin

Bartlett

Ronald

Ronald

Hanley

"Jane Eyre"

On Monday, January 3, the members of the normal school and the pupils of the practical arts school witnessed the photo-play "Jane Eyre." The picture is a very interesting and entertaining reproduction of the story from the popular novel. The amount of applause given was sufficient indication of the fact that moving pictures are as popular a method of entertainment as ever, and that they are an important factor in education.

An Urgent Matter

"Whatever you would put into a nation you must put into your schools," quoted Mr. Edgerly who presided at assembly on Monday, January 10. A group of men deeply interested in the subject urged the importance of including in the school curriculum the teaching of reforestation and the preservation of our trees. The speakers included ex-superintendent of schools, Mr. Edgerly, Mayor Coolidge, and Messrs Woodworth, Ware, and Bunker.

An Excellent Appointment

Miss Margaret Slattery, a lecturer of international reputation and a former teacher in the Fitchburg normal school, has been appointed, by Governor Walsh, to be a member of the state board of education in place of Miss Sarah Arnold of Newton. Governor Walsh said of her, "Miss Slattery's progress has been remarkable. She has risen from the position of an ordinary country school teacher to a most prominent place among educators."